

## **A Deal** by Usiel21

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**Summary:** Mike makes a deal to bring back Eleven, One-Shot  
WARNING brief but descriptive torture within

## A Deal

Hawkins, September 1984

Michael Wheeler, a thirteen year old boy, stood in the crossroads, desperate enough to come to this decision, it had been ten months since Eleven had vanished with the demogorgan into thin air, whether she was alive or not Mike did not know, he sat in the basement night after night, fiddling with the supercom trying to channel her, to even speak to her, to no avail.

And so Mike spent ten months trying to find a way to bring her back, consulting his D&D manual, going to the library to find any mention of a possible way to bring her back, until finally a month before he thought he hit a breakthrough, finding a leather-bound book deep in a cabin deep within the woods of Hawkins, said cabin was abandoned

It mentioned a crossroads deal, to make a deal with a demon for anything that he wished, it was almost too good to be true, Mike spent the month gathering the ingredients needed to do the ritual, not that Mike thought that it would work but at this point he was desperate beyond reproach, not even the others knew about how desperate he had become.

The hardest was the bone of a black cat, Mike didn't want to have to kill an innocent animal, suspiciously a week prior a black cat had been run-over which Mike, with his hand covered over his mouth to not be sick, had pulled a single bone out of the squished and rotting corpse, it was too convenient

The rest was easy, Graveyard dirt and a picture of himself inside a box and so here he stood burying the box in the middle of the Crossroads, he stood up turning on the spot to look around for the being that was to make the deal with him, half a minute had passed before Mike gave up, it was ok, he didn't expect it to work anyway, he bent over to retrieve the box from the ground.

"Mr Wheeler" A female voice said from behind

Mike spun on his heel to see an attractive woman in a silky black

dress showing ample cleavage, long brunette hair and a beautiful face, she was smiling and it made him uneasy.

"You called?" she asked, her eyes briefly turning red before returning to their normal colour.

"Yes" Mike nearly squeaked out before clearing his throat.

"Normally we don't make deals with Children but you have me intrigued, Mr Wheeler, tell me what is it that you wish?" she moved closer to him until she was several feet away from him.

"I wish that you could bring Eleven back from whether she is" Mike said desperation evident in his voice

The Demon smiled at him "Most men want either sex, money, power or fame but never have I dealt with someone willing to trade their soul for another"

She spoke again "As a child I must ask that you understand the terms? You have Ten years before this deal comes due, 10 years with this Eleven and then we come for you and you will go to Hell"

Mike had spent nights on End wishing that he could trade his life if it meant that Eleven would live her life happy and free from the lab. His choice had been made months ago.

"Yes" Mike stated with conviction "do we sign a contract with blood?" Mike had heard that this is how deals with the devil were to be made.

"Please" She scoffed "deals are made in a more civilised way now, we seal the deal with a kiss"

Mike gulped with this information

"Pucker up" She said and without warning he leant in for the kiss, her lips touched his in a very simple kiss, after a few seconds she pulled away"

She clicked her fingers.

"Go home and into the basement and you will find Eleven, pleasure doing business with you Mr Wheeler, see you in ten years" she said with a wink before vanishing.

Mike scrambled for his bike and rode off faster than he had ever rode in his entire life to get back home, sweat began to pour off him in droves as he pedalled. He soon reached his house, dumping the bike unceremoniously next to the door of the basement and quickly ran through the door.

There she was, Mike stood frozen to the spot as he saw Eleven asleep in his blanket fort, the same clothes she had vanished in, dirty and discoloured, her hair had grown somewhat past her ears.

She slept peacefully within and Mikes heart had leapt for joy at the sight of her, the last ten months of pain, sorrow and lack of closure left him as he fell to his knees, silent tears cascading down his face falling to the floor.

From that point on life was good, the year of her return she learned quick from everyone around her, her skill in Math and English was forever increasing showcasing her intelligence, hopper had decided to adopt her partially in memory to his daughter but he loved El just as much, the drink was gone from his life and El had her badly needed father figure.

As time went on Mike and El grew ever closer, finally culminating in them both kissing to the point they were out of breath, desperate for each other's touch and love after being deprived of it for so long, everyone else could see how much they truly needed each other. Karen, Mikes mother, even saw that her son seemed to come back to life.

All the while the deal was in the back of Mikes mind, the joy of Eleven coming back completely made him forget that he had sold his soul for her, that he was going to go to hell in ten years time.

## TEN YEARS LATER

Both El and Mike sat on the sofa together, their hands clasped together.

So much happened since the day she came back, they finished school and found an apartment together, Mike had been nervous about living together for the first time even though they had been together for 8 years. Everything was perfect for the two.

A howl sounded through the night, Mikes head turned at the ghastly sound.

"Hey El, did you hear that?" Mike asked

"Hear what Mike?" El said, confusion evident in her voice

"Hmm, I dunno, must have been imaging things" he gave a small laugh

"you mouth breather" she giggled and they shared a quick kiss, they were content.

The Howl sounded again much closer this time and Mike knew he definitely hadn't imagined it and he stood up in panic.

"Mike whats wrong?"

Mikes eyes widened as it began to click in his mind, the deal he made to bring her back, his head swivelled to look at the window, the direction in which the howl was coming from and was coming ever closer, His Face paled and sweat began to slide down the side of his face.

There at the window was a Dog, its eyes red and its fur black as the night and ruffled like it had never been washed, its teeth bared as it saw its prey.

Mike looked back at El who could sense the Hound but only Mike could see it, Mike leaned down to place a final kiss on her lips, desperate and loving, sad and emotional.

"I love you El, to the ends of the earth"

"I love you too, mike, forever"

Mike looked back at the window sadly and the Hell-Hound burst

through the window, glass flew in all directions, El screamed in fright looking towards the window and seeing nothing.

However, Mike saw the Hound as it pounced and leapt towards him, his final thought was that of El before the screaming began. Mike landed heavily on the floor as the hounds claws ripped into him, Blood gushed out the deep wounds onto his chest and stomach, Mike screamed in unimaginable agony as his guts were turned into a bloody mush.

Eleven flew towards Mike but an unseen force made her fly back and she was pinned to the wall, forced to watch Mike be tore apart by this invisible force. Tears the likes Eleven had never experienced before graced her cheeks. Mikes hand weakly reached in vain towards her and El's stretched to him, a desperate bid to touch each other for the last time.

And then the world went dark for Michael Wheeler as the light faded from his eyes, his outstretched hand falling to the floor, his final thought was that of the girl that he loved since he was thirteen years old.

El drooped to the floor and she crawled to her now dead boyfriend, her face red with tears and complete sorrow as she cradled Mikes head in her lap, tears landed on his face but Mike remained still and unmoving.

"Please come back Mike, I can't live without you, she cried into the night and all of Hawkins heard a strangled and desperate shout of despair as El hopper despaired and wept for him.

1 YEAR LATER, HELL

One year had passed but for those in Hell it was 100 years, one month on Earth was ten years in hell.

Mike Wheeler was suspended several inches off the floor, giant meat hooks dug into his flesh, holding painfully in place. Alastair wandered over with his razor, Alastair at mike before digging into him once more, slicing, carving and tore at him in ways that were beyond description, his guts were splayed on the floor and then mike

found himself whole again and it started all over again as Alastair slit his eyeballs with the razor as Mike screamed in pure Agony. This happened over and over and over again for 100 years.

And at the end of each day Alastair came to Mike, today was no expectation.

"Mike you know the pain can stop, you have been here one hundred years and all you have to do is pick up my blade and I will take you off this rack and you will be free, free of pain, free of this torture"

Mike looked up at Alastair from his position and spat what blood was left out of his mouth onto the floor .

"Go screw yourself, Mouthbreather" Mike spat angrily, no one had resisted for as long as this, it fascinated Alastair to no end as he had to come up with brand new ways to torture Mike.

"So be it" Alastair said, he picked up his razor to begin all over again, Mike had resigned himself to his fate, the only thing that kept him going was the thought of El and of how much he loved her, Hell would twist all souls and yet so far it had no effect on Mike

There was a massive rumble like the sound of massive footsteps coming from outside the Room in which Mike was held in, Alastair set his razor down and stormed through the double red doors, venturing further to an area near the edge of hell to see that it was being laid siege too.

Several Demogorgans were ripping apart the vessel of demons to the point there was nothing left, the demon's true form of black smoke flew from the mouths of their vessels, leaving the hosts to be devoured, Alastair recognised the monsters that were from an different dimension, a place that even demons feared to tread.

The Demogorgans effortlessly ripped through the hoard of Demons, vanishing into the floor in fleshy portals before reappearing elsewhere and in their midst was a tall woman with short hair, burning the demons within to a crisp as she advanced, her hands outstretched, her face in a calm fury, blood dripping from her nose.

Alastair stood his ground as the girl approached, the Demogorgans snarling behind as they charged towards the last remaining demon, Her fist raised up into the air and her creatures stopped to a halt behind her.

"I am looking for Michael Wheeler, Give him to me now" She demanded

Alastair smirked confidently "I'm afraid Mr Wheeler is property of hell, sorry darling"

"Last chance, Demon, hand him to me now or I will take him" she said quietly but loud enough to be heard, her tone even sent a shiver through Alastair's vessel.

"Fine have it your way" she said, her hand stretched forth and the demogorgans stretched forward, but the black smoke forcibly escaped through his outstretched mouth before his vessel collapsed to the ground lifeless.

"Wait here for me" she calmly said to her small army of a dozen demogorgans behind her, they lowered on all four legs in response showing their compliance, once the species was her most hated enemy and now they were her greatest ally.

She strode through the same double doors to find mike attached to the rack and she ran towards him, carefully unhooking him from the rack to find his wounds healed the moment the hooks left his body and slowly she lowered him to the floor and cradled his head in her arms like a year before.

"El?" he whispered, not daring to believe it

"Yes, Mike, its me" her voice faltered as tears threatened to spill to the floor

"El" he repeated, a name that he had not heard for a hundred years, the face he had not gazed upon and the body he hadn't touched and held within his arms for so very long, his love for her, strong as it ever was

"You came for me?" he whispered in exhaustion



"Yes of course I did" she said with tearful smile.

Mikes arms found their strength and brought her down into his shoulder. Holding her tight, never wanting to let go as all the pain seemed worth it as they held each other

"you stupid mouth breather" she said through desperate tears, he knew she was referring to the deal he had made eleven years prior.

"I had to get you out, El, I couldn't live without you"

"and you thought I could without you?" she said pulling away to look at him in the eyes, her face of despair.

"I'm so, so sorry El" he cried, his shoulders shaking.

"Its ok, lets go home" she said helping him to stand.

Together they strode through the doors and never looked back.